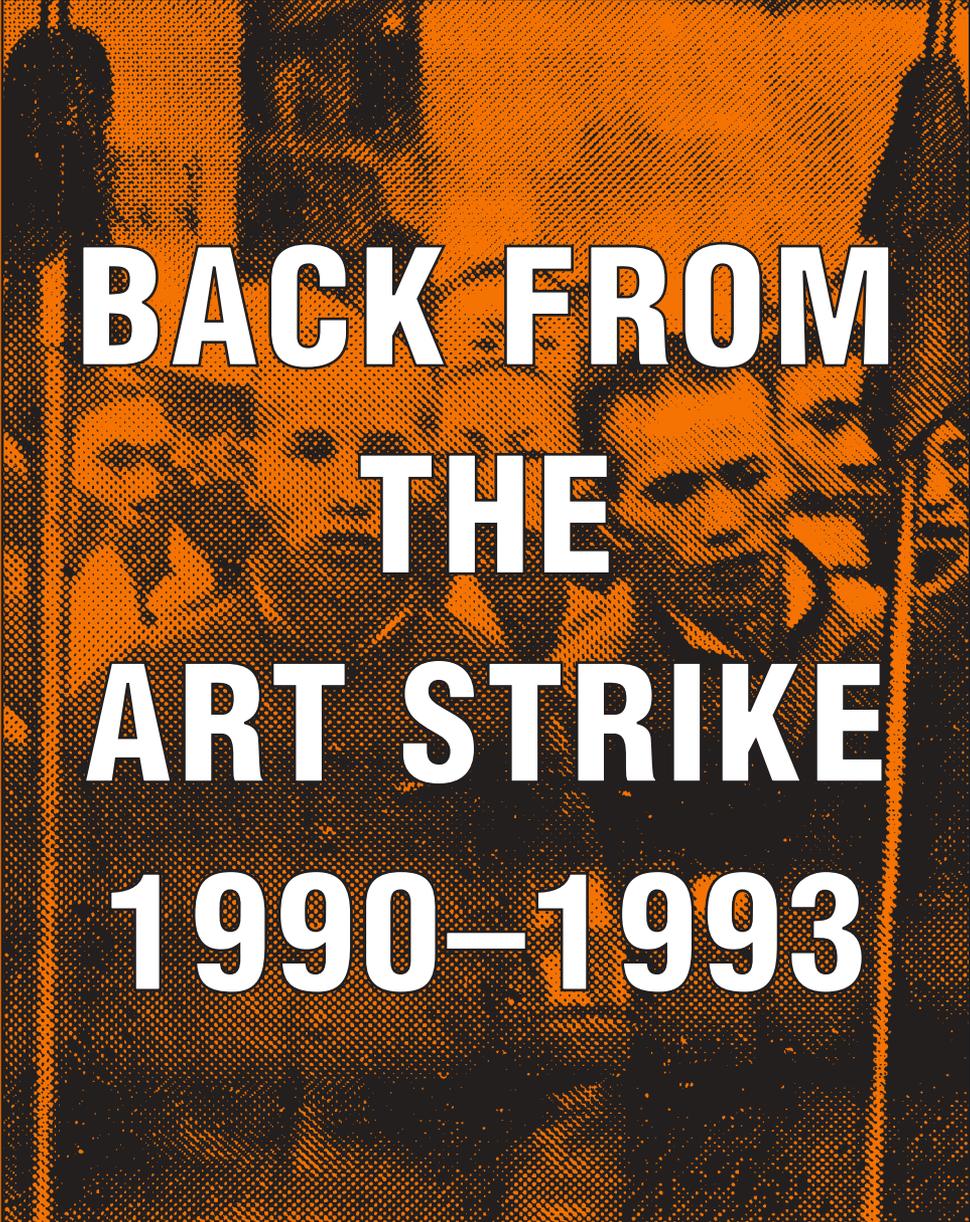


p h o t o

S T A T I C

January 1993

N°41



**BACK FROM  
THE  
ART STRIKE  
1990–1993**

The images on the front and back covers (and supplemental images on the inside back cover) are taken from *Le Tarot de Petrograd*, a series of xerographic images on cards by  
 JEAN-FRANÇOIS ROBIC, 6 rue Auguste Lamey, 67000 Strasbourg France

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Image by ZEROX, 1643 S. King Street, Seattle WA 98144 ..... 1794

*“A Letter from Miami”*

BOB GREGORY, 1525 Euclid Avenue, Apt. 20, Miami Beach FL 33139 ..... 1795

Images from the visual book *Your Name Here*

ROSS MARTIN, P.O. Box 10355, Portland ME 04104 ..... 1796 & 1797

*“Codes and Chaos: The Code Book”*

THOMAS WILOCH, 43672 Emrick Drive, Canton MI 48187 ..... 1799

*Art-Dump Project*

JOHN MARRIOTT, P.O. Box 146 Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4x8 ..... 1800 & 1801

*“Report from the International Zine Show”*

STEPHEN PERKINS, 221 West Benton Street, Iowa City IA 52246 ..... 1802

*Paper Mailart Project*

SERSE LUIGETTI, via Ulisse Rocchi, 06100 Perugia Italy ..... 1806 & 1807 & SUPPL.

*Print Reviews by*

MICHAEL GENDREAU, P.O. Box 24908, Oakland CA 94623 ..... 1808

LLOYD DUNN, 911 North Dodge Street, Iowa City IA 52245 ..... 1809

*Audio Cassette Reviews by*

CLINT SIMONSON, 305 East Pretiss Street, Apt. E, Iowa City IA 52240 ..... 1811

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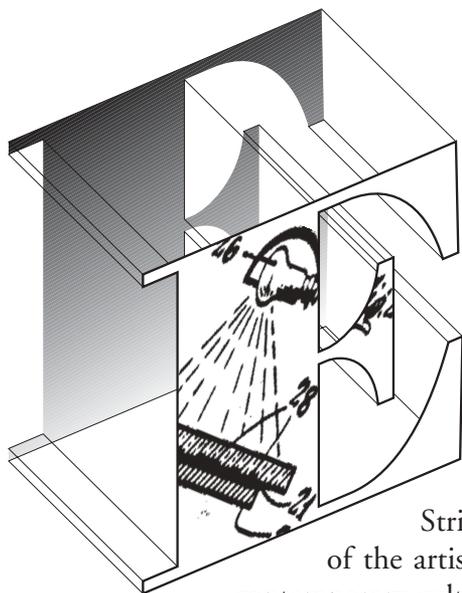
*PhotoStatic Magazine* is edited by Lloyd Dunn and sponsored by the Drawing Legion, a non-profit performance and intermedia company based in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Issues of *PhotoStatic Magazine* appear sporadically, in intermittent series with other Drawing Legion Publications, such as *Retrofuturism*, *YAWN*, and *CVS Bulletin*.

Subscriptions for one year of Drawing Legion Publications, up to 200 pages of output, cost \$10, delivered bulk rate in the US. The rate is \$12 for delivery to Mexico or Canada; \$18 elsewhere by surface rate. In all cases, local currency equivalent is acceptable if you send cash. Back issues are available.

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope, and we will send you a complete listing of items available.

Submissions of writing and graphic work are welcome and encouraged. No submitted work will be returned unless it arrives here accompanied by a self-addressed stamped return envelope.

Everyone who contributes in some way to any Drawing Legion Publication, whether they send a letter to the editor, or a work to be reviewed, or work to be published, will receive a copy of whatever issue in which their contribution appears. Send all editorial mail to: [psrf@detritus.net](mailto:psrf@detritus.net). All content is archived electronically at <http://psrf.detritus.net/>.



## ditorial

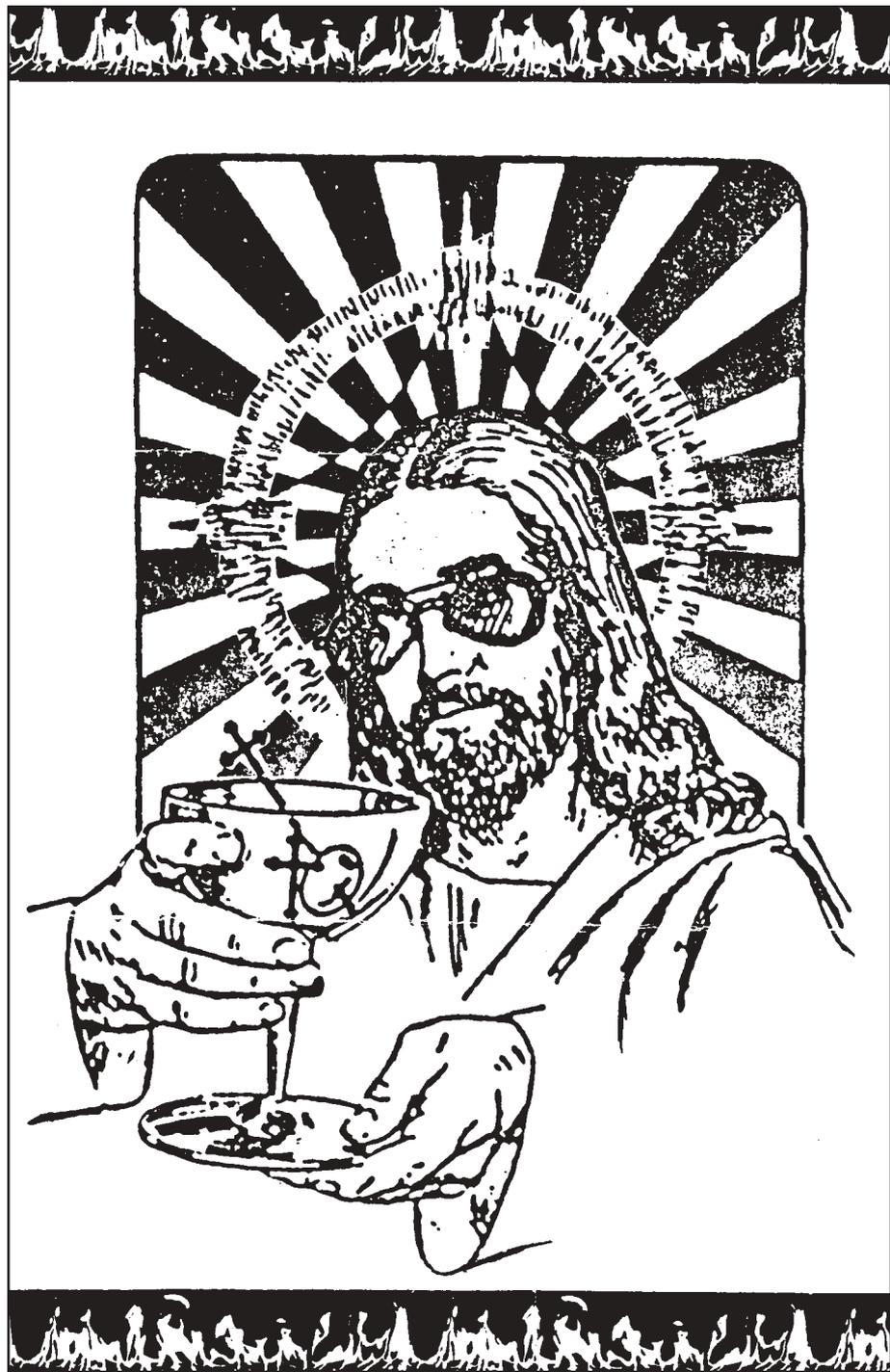
*PhotoStatic Magazine* HAS BEEN gone for three years. It has remained invisible and silent during the years 1991 through 1993 in support of the **Art Strike** (1990-1993). Called for in 1987 by the **Praxis group**, the Art

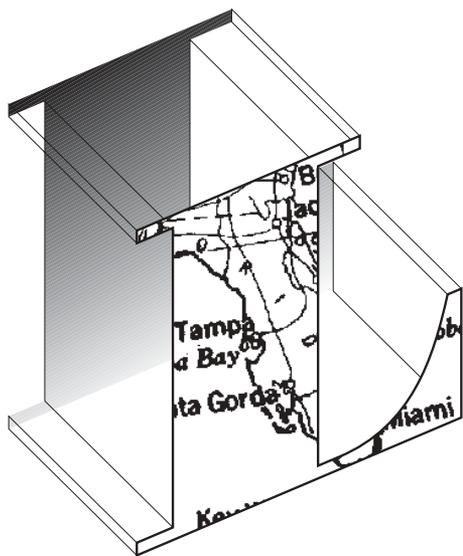
Strike sought to call into question the role of the artist in the current predicament that is contemporary culture. It was an attempt to inject some honesty into the introspective mode most “artists” indulge in. In large part, the Art Strike was called because there was good reason to suspect that “artists” were not doing what they thought they were doing; that is, they thought they were making society better by opposing and trying to counter-act its more destructive contents. Some of us had come to believe that this “opposition” in fact supported these destructive elements through the co-option of “art” into the closed internal dialog that culture carries on with itself. At the very least, we believed that this “opposition,” if not downright in support of what it “opposed,” was an impotent, hollow gesture of opposition.

I am not going to sum up what the Art Strike’s “successes” and “failures” are; these issues have been too thoroughly covered in the newsletter *YAWN*, which replaced *PhotoStatic* during its hiatus. I will be content simply to affirm that, yes, I think the Art Strike 1990–1993 was well worth the effort.

It was worth it because it offered a counter-proposal to the usually-held view that art *itself* is somehow beyond criticism, and that only individual artworks, *not art as such*, should be subject to critique and interrogation. Although the Art Strike is over now, the attitude and the project that it set in motion will continue on in these pages.

—Lloyd Dunn





A

e t t e r  
(from Miami)

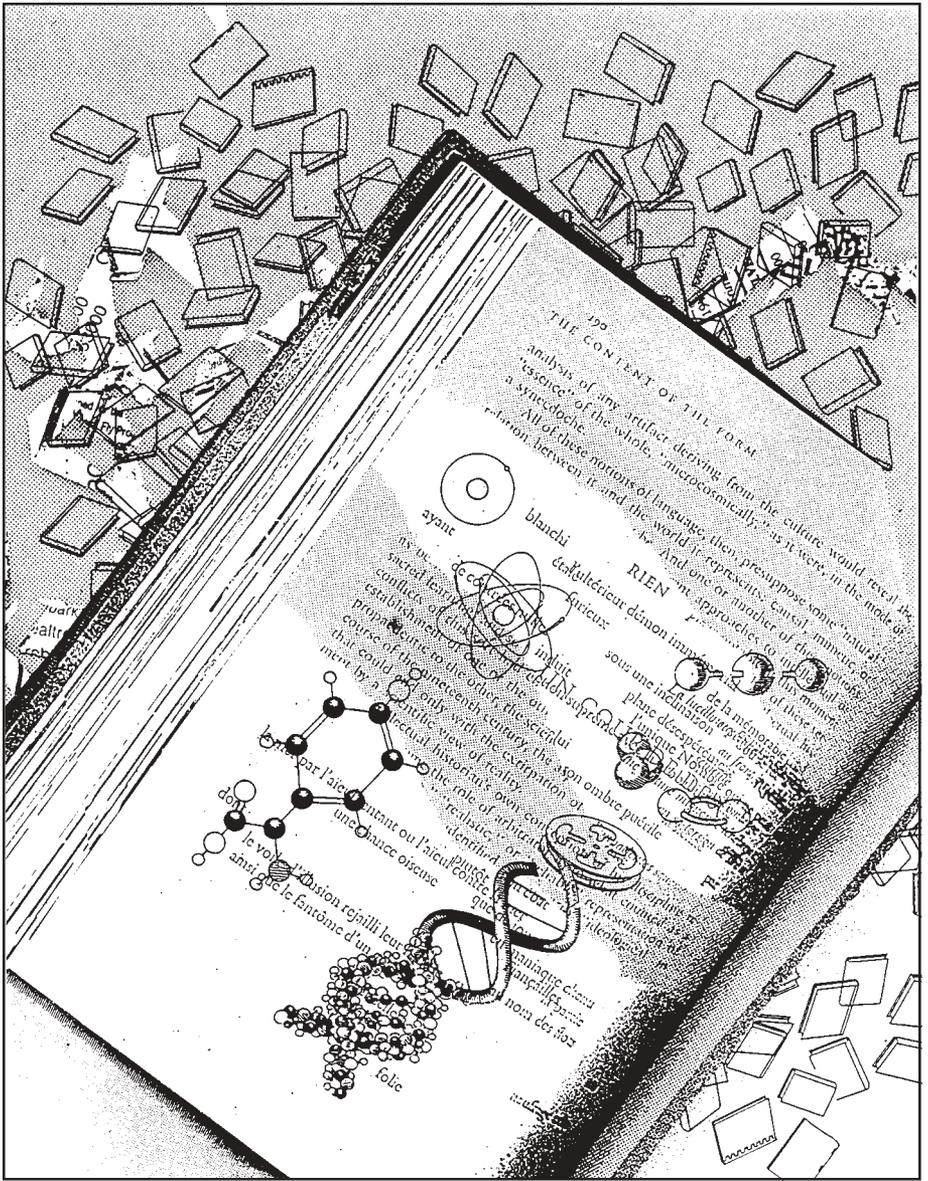
**D**ear *PhotoStatic*,

The NEA came to town this morning to see what we needed post-Hurricane Andrew. I'm working part-time for a local society of experimental musicians so I was delegated to go sit in the auditorium and find out what was going on and if the guy sat on a sofa, check the crack afterward in case some change slipped out of his pocket. You know how that goes. I remember your house was full of sofas, in fact.

Anyway, as it happened, there were no sofas there, just auditorium chairs (designed on purpose by people who want to discourage audiences, make people stay home and watch *Daze of our Lies* while politics throbs along as always). One of those windowless rooms that engineers love to make, all because of one particular *Flash Gordon* episode where Buster Crabbe, who played Flash, was captured by the Rock People. Remember? He is walking along with his '30s idea of a disintegrator raygun and an Art-deco spacesuit on and he walks by this rocky cliff and then as he passed the rocks they (fuckin')

stand up — talk about good moments! — and follow along (right fuckin') behind him. Rocks on tiptoes!

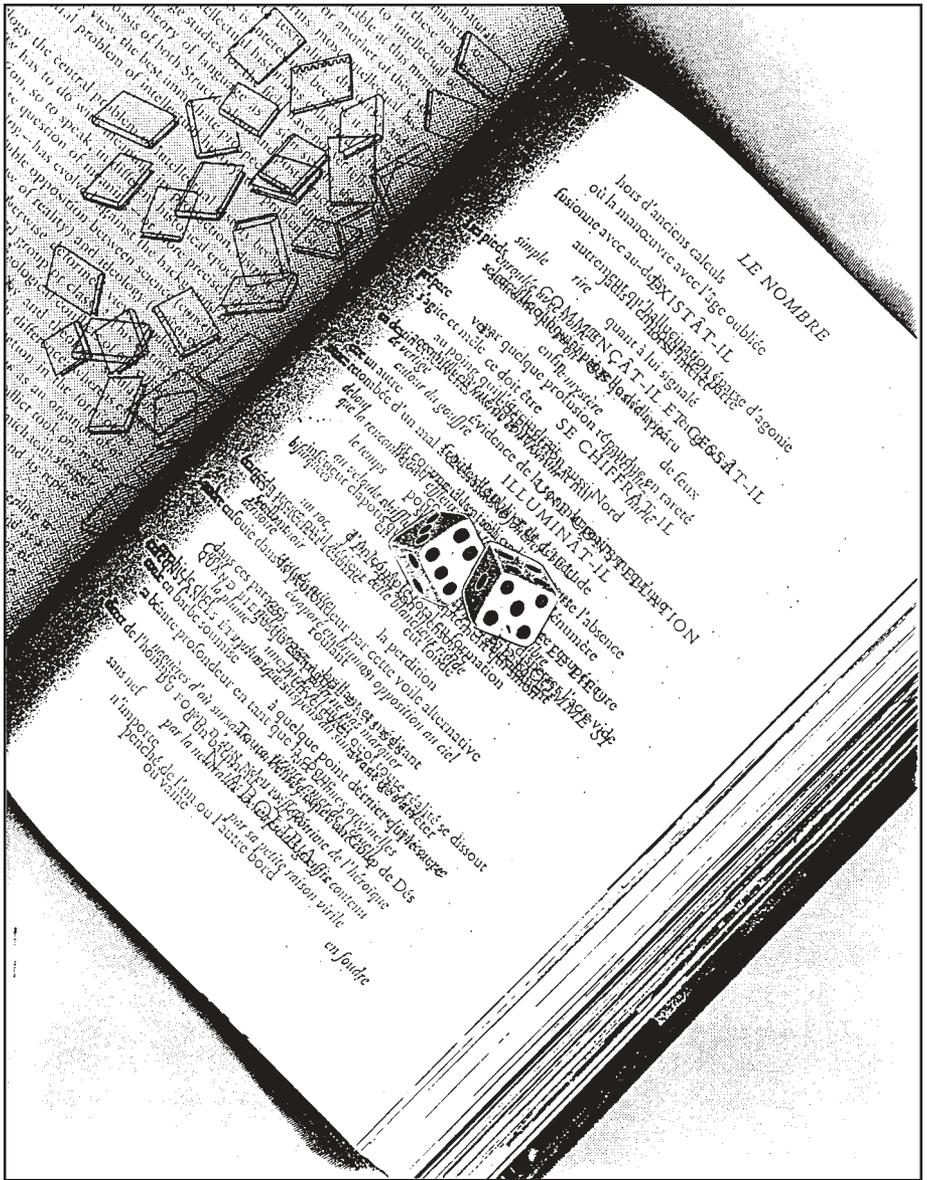
Sort of like the turn-signal thing here. Lots of people here drive very very badly. Nobody knows why — maybe if you were a Tonton Macoute or one of Somoza's guards nobody gave you a driving test. So you'll be bombing along the highway and some guy up ahead will be driving along oblivious to his turn signal, which he turned on (not to change lanes or anything, just turned it on so he could listen to the tick-tick) an hour ago and it's still blinking. The effect of that steady pointless blink-blink-blink is to make him look like a total butt. That's how Flash looked. So then the Rock People put him in this room, like a jail, no windows, etc. He's upset of course (Who says men can't open up?) but not too much. Then they turn on the water and start to flood the room. Then...the walls start to move in. Pretty great. Like every kid's fantasy of falling in the toilet, I guess. I think all the engineers saw that episode because they love to design



rooms that remind you of that so you'll sit there vaguely uneasy, waiting for the Rock People to flip the switch and make things begin to get narrow.

I suppose the Art Strike has to go on until old Mr. Xerox gets pissed off, rises from the grave like Mothra or Godzilla and runs

amok but still I think it would be good if everybody stopped being artists on strike and got to work designing places to have meetings where people could actually get something done and go home without having an episode of some kind. During the meeting people were asked to stand up and



tell what impact the big wind had on their group and I was looking around the room at people's faces instead of paying attention — just like I did when I was eight years old and the nun would get pissed off, so pissed off that milk would fly out from her eyes and splat across the classroom windows. You did

not want to get any of it on you. No-o-o-o. I guess it was milk. That's what it looked like, anyway.

So I noticed that while the speaker was saying something sort of public and okay (no weird rants or chains of random vowels from unknown languages) I'd see this look

on someone's face every now and then. You know that look? The person sort of goes inside and starts thinking about some part of their actual life (instead of this public stuff) and whenever that happened you can forget to hold your face in the right way. Blind people never get to study ways to hold their facial muscles so as to look normal — that's why you see blind people march along looking strange or ecstatic or with their faces in some shape you just never ever see anybody make. Art Strike, nothing. We should have a normal expressions strike. Just go around making the faces you would make if you didn't "know" (haha) better. So — where was I — the face when the person is thinking about some private fear or yearning goes into a somber or sad shape that nobody allows themselves in public when in a small group. But in a big group, you feel invisible and as the face relaxes into the basic forlorn shape. Kind of makes a mockery of all this public business when you see that.

People were talking about various kinds of damage. I was south of here a few days back and it's creepy. The little ordinary houses are all trashed, with little nasty piles of kid's clothes and snapshots and stuff, all wet and dirty, laying on the wet carpet or out in the driveway. There's something really sad about people's little ordinary stuff all turned into nasty useless trash. People have spray painted their insurance company name on the house, like a big piece of graffiti. All the trees are down, so it all looks ugly and depressing. Helicopters go past overhead every five minutes and trucks full of armed soldiers cruise the streets, giving all the old Vietnam vets the trembles. Fat guys are out on streetcorners with barbecues and coolers selling Cokes and burgers to people without power (without electrical power, I mean, not to mention other kinds). They keep talking about when we are going to get our

power back.

But aside from that there's this fact people are discussing this morning that all the people who might donate something to some arts group are now trashed or are donating to someone who has been trashed. Therefore (That's the way we like ideas down here, with conjunctions — how do you like it?) Therefore someone said the arts people have to get involved in the relief activities and show the community that we belong. Then the puppet theatres and kid's theatres and other groups that can be allowed out into the light of day said they were all ready to entertain the people trapped in tent cities.

Then a woman who does very farout dance things stood up and said, well, okay, but what do we do? We don't do the kind of work that entertains people in that way. But we do something that's important to this community too. Now sometimes the NEA guy or the local arts people had an answer but nobody had anything to say to this so the meeting moved right along.

I was thinking about that but not getting very far. There were some ugly old women (symphony or something, some kind of big art) there with lots of hairspray and big rings trapped on their big fat fingers and all kinds of shadowy places inside their eyes. I kept making judgments about them instead of going about my business. There's a park along US 1, the main drag, near the causeway over to Miami Beach. As we all drive home from work we can see where some of the homeless men congregate. That's maybe not the word: congregate. This guy was standing there with his back to me out in the field with little pallets made of rags or big pieces of cardboard people use as sleeping mats all around him. He was naked except for some bright red underpants, just standing out there, sort of disoriented. Maybe he just woke up.

[*Bob Gregory*]



C O D E S  
A N D  
C H A O S  
THE CODE BOOK  
by THOMAS WILOCH

I HAVE LONG BEEN TEMPTED to write a book of poems in code, forcing the reader to deduce which code is being used, decode each poem, and then — as with much contemporary poetry — deduce what each poem “really means.”

I see the book as an onion, containing many layers of enigma as the reader worked his way through one puzzle after another. It would arrive in the reader’s hands without instructions or clues as to what it is. Just a book whose pages are filled with seemingly random groups of letters, a mystery. The reader would page through, frowning over the contents. What does this mean? he would think.

At this point, many potential readers will put the book down and move along. The mystery of the first level has bested them. But some few will continue puzzling over the book, at last concluding that it is in code.

Even at this level, however, there will be readers who will fall away. Not everyone wishes to spend the necessary time and effort to solve a book in code, after all. But those who persist will set to work, figuring out just which code is being used, what key word has been used, and so on.

In time, some of those readers working on the solution will become frustrated, unable to figure it out. They will give up the whole business in disgust. The rest will go on, eventually solving the code and deciphering the words in the book.

But the poems will be tricky, filled with double meanings and odd emphases, the decoder will not be sure he has got it right

even when all the words are there. There are too many ambiguities in the language, obscure allusions, foreign words, and idiosyncratic spellings. And he will still need to structure the words on the page, deduce the correct line breaks and positioning of each word, and changes in the line breaks change the meaning of the words drastically.

At this level, many more will drop out of the quest, unable to put the words they have decoded into a meaningful pattern. Only a very few of the original readers will continue on, fiddling with the layout of each poem until they have arrived at arrangements that seem correct and sensible.

At this stage, a new problem emerges. Since the book arrives without instructions or clues, there is no way of knowing whether a poem arrived at is the poem that was written by the poet or whether it is merely a poem created from the words of the reader himself, having nothing at all to do with the intended meaning. Perhaps the reader has created a whole new book, far removed from the book written by the poet. This damning ambiguity will cause many readers to leave the book in disgust.

And yet, even at this late stage in the game, some few readers will continue to dig for meaning. They will scan the placement of each word and syllable, the curve and dot and squiggle of each letter, even the allocation of white spaces between the words. Deeper and deeper into the maze they will go, probing for yet further meaning, like a dog gnawing at a dry bone.

Of the many potential readers of the book, only a very small percentage will actually reach the ultimate stages of the book’s enigma. And these few may find themselves caught in a labyrinth from which there is no return.

Whatever is not fully understood is eternally seductive. [no. 14]

## Press Release

September 19, 1991

FROM: ART-DUMP Steering Committee

RE: Suspension of activities due to court injunction

Effective September 30, 1991, all activities at the ART-DUMP site (excepting clerical duties and essential maintenance and security) are to cease under the terms of the injunction served to us on behalf of the concerned mining interests.

Our legal team has advised us to curtail our comments on this situation until they are able to meet with the issuing judge to have these restricting orders waived and to move to a court-date or to cease any further punitive legal actions against the ART-DUMP project.

In the terms of this injunction we have been forbidden to communicate the name of the claimant requesting this injunction, the location of the site, to disclose any details of the judge's instructions to us, or any of the negotiations that ensue as a part of this action. In keeping with these obligations, we request that all media desist from conveying any information that contravenes these stipulations.

All parties wishing to be included on our mailing list for updating on our case, or who wish to send donations to our legal defense fund, please send your specific communications to our Toronto postal box.

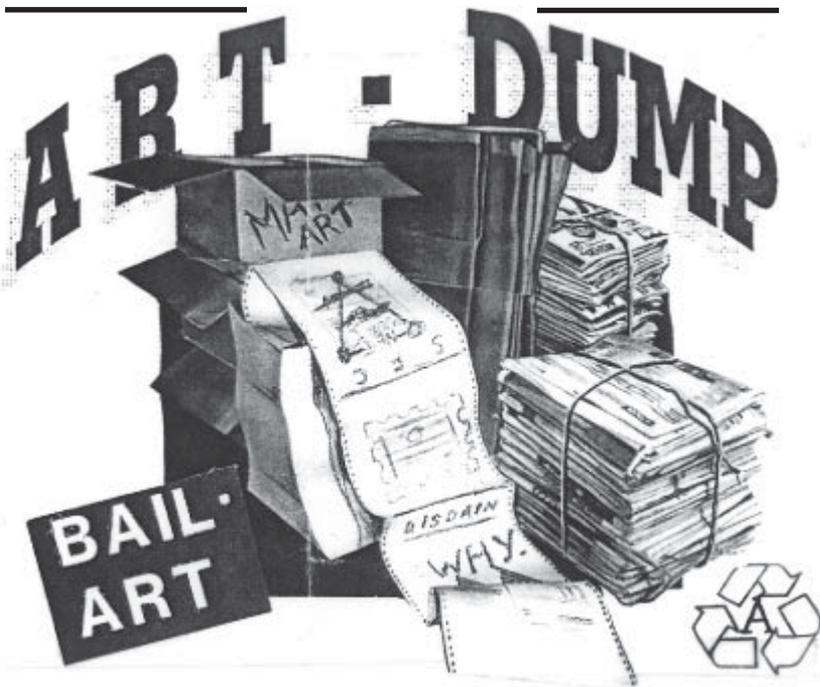
*Donations No longer needed Since then a patron has stepped-in*  
**ART-DUMP LEGAL FUND:**

Box 146, Stn. J, Toronto, Ont., M4J 4X8 Canada

Artists of All Stripes, Send Us Your Art!

*“Call it a day, the Art-Dump way!”*

## INTERNATIONAL



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***More than a Left Wing fashion in vogue with the Right,  
it marks the next phase of growth for Networker culture.***

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**Art-Dump** is THE Contemporary monument to the Hyper-Real, to our commercially aestheticized surroundings and designer-anesthetized minds.

**Art-Dump** is THE quintessential Cultural Monument to depict the heroic gestalt of garbage crafted by our Multi-National, Neo-colonial, Post-Industrial, Post-modern societies. *Everyone is an artist.*

**Garbage** is THE archive of our culture, not only because it provides a record of our tastes and appetites, but because garbage is a language that we speak ceaselessly, unconsciously. Like Art, its accumulation is a variegated relic that candidly encapsulates our affluence, preoccupations and muted concern.

**Mail-art**, like Art, rides cultural waves like messages in a bottle or yet more hyper-ephemera thrown into the tide alongside flotsam, sewage, and unwritten history.

**Mail-art walks a fuzzy line** between creative-outreach

and gratuitous memo-hacking. Countless trees are laid to waste to fill Mail-art's archives. Mail-art contact is *product-intensive*, mimicking the monolithic Red-tape and Bureaucratic Retentiveness that is the embodiment of Museum-think and State-mentality. —*Is paper-flogging and hoarding the substance of Network culture? Need it be?*

**BAIL-ART** challenges Mail-art's operation as a parallel bureaucracy where documents are *generated-to-be-hoarded* by Mail-artists intent on out-put and celebrity via mass-mail. *The Mail-art monument exists; now is the time to look ahead.*

**BAIL-ART** uses office technology to eliminate excess mail-art products. Using a utility-grade paper-shredder Mail-art is shredded and bound into Bails for delivery as **BAIL-ART** to the **ART-DUMP** for recycling. *Something can be done.*

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***Mail-artists: The Mail-art Monument has been done—  
Clean-up the Protestant Net-Work-Ethic—BAIL-ART***

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ing costs have been partly obtained by local benefit shows. These shows have also been a great experience for me. We have hosted numerous local artists and musicians, all performing in support of *Art-Core* and its cause. Networking is a great tool for freedom of speech, and I'll support it till the end!"

**ART POSTALE!**: #32, 33, 58, 1982–1988; Editor: Vittore Baroni; Address: Via Cesare Battisti 339, 55049 Viareggio, Italy. "I love the feeling of producing a magazine at home, I was doing fake comics-books when I was a kid, cutting things from various publications, I do this Mail Art magazine now to help me keep in touch with so many people around the globe, I'll probably be issuing a newsletter about the secret meanings of life when I'll be an old man—once you're hooked, you never kick this habit (I guess it has something to do with living in a media saturated environment, breathing magazines since they day you are born)."

**BETTER HOMOS AND GARDENS**: #2, 1992; Editor: Dan Levy; Address: 8283¼ B Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood CA 90046. "This is only my 2nd printing so it's all still new to me. I am also a performance artist and I attack this work in the same way—anything goes—especially things that I don't think should go, or things that I don't feel very secure about—it's those things I know need to get said, written, expressed. Always challenge the thought of what is right or wrong, good or bad, artistic or not, and mostly that I have the human right to explore and put it out there. It's cool to get things in the mail from perfect strangers—like this zine show!"

**FARMPULP**: #14, 1992. Editor: Gregory Hischak; Address: 1404 North 41st St., Seattle WA 98103. "*Farm Pulp* is well into its third year of publication without any noticeable side effects. Zines need statements like a fish

needs a penis extender, if you know what I mean. My own reasons for publication, like many zines, is to get my work into print, however limited, without having to rely on cigarettes or working assets ads, or humiliating cover letters. Like this one."

**HEADLINES**: #25, 1992; Editor: Dave Mitchell; Address: P.O. Box 5094, Winter Park FL 32793. "Publishing my own stuff is great. I can do what I wish and it goes to those who want/enjoy/appreciate it without any editors/distributors getting in the way... made some good art 'n' publishing contacts, made some good friends ... hell, even met my girlfriend through self-publishing. Praise 'Bob'!"

**FERTILE LA TOYAH JACKSON MAGAZINE**: #1–5, 1985–1991; Editor: Ms. Vaginal Davis; Address: 7850 Sunset Blvd., Penthouse Suite 110, Los Angeles CA 90046. "Being in the zine business has taken its toll. My zine has an international following, and has become way too much for one person to handle. I've decided to stop publishing in order to concentrate on my live performances and underground film work. As the grande old matriarch of the homo core and queer zine movement, having been published in one form or another since the early 1980s I feel it's time to retire gracefully."

**HOT LIP**: 2 issues, 1991; Editrixes: Anonymous; Address: P.O. Box 2614, 211 East Ohio St., Chicago IL 60611. "We, the editrixes of *Hot Lip*, started publishing in the summer of 1991, as a lark. We thought it would be cool dyke fun. And it has been. One of the unanticipated results has been the mail we get from all over the place, requesting copies of our zine. It comes on postcards, the backs of napkins, ACT UP flyers—every kind of scrap paper you can imagine. Sometimes we get offerings in return: buttons, plastic coins, poems. Usually the mail includes

a single dollar bill, as payment. We don't know how all these people have heard about our zine; we think others in the zine pipeline are listing us, or talking about us, or something. That's all part of the fun."

**MADWOMAN:** #3, 1992; Editor: Sister Serpents; Address: 1138 North Wolcott #3R, Chicago IL 60622. "Bride-burning, Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas, William Kennedy Smith acquittal, a rape every ten minutes, Guam, Utah, Louisiana, Supreme Court abortion decisions, clitorrectomy and infibulation, four women murdered by husbands a day, fourteen women selected and murdered in Canada, what more evidence does one need before launching a counter-attack? *MadWoman* is the Radical Feminist response to the war on women raging worldwide. *MadWoman's* publishers: Sister Serpents and Lillith's Revenge, are a Radical Feminist Collaborative who use every available medium (billboards, posters, stickers, gallery shows, zine, etc.) to fight the destruction of the few remaining women's 'rights.' *MadWoman* is a forum for angry women: how our society treats us and how we fight back. It is compiled by and, primarily, for women. Sister Serpents and *MadWoman* are uncompromising in our expression of outrage and we are not afraid to offend the powers that be. It is this strong stand that appeals to women most. It is empowering to see in print what women have been thinking all along. Now they know that, despite what they've been told by men, they are not crazy and not alone. I receive letters and submissions from women young and old around the world. Some feel they are the only radicals in their whole town or high school. The contact alleviates their isolation and gives them ammunition with which to fight back. By sending them a *MadWoman*, stickers and posters they can begin to subvert mainstream culture with their own resistance. Women have the power to overturn misogyny."

**ND:** #14, 15, 1991; Editor: Daniel Plunkett;

Address: P.O. Box 4144, Austin TX 78765. "Doing *ND* (pronounced 'indy' if you say it really fast) has been a way to be in contact with people and at the same time serve as a document of the various independent activities going on, then and now. It is a way to get news from other countries which I would never get otherwise. We trade issues with all kind of magazines which gives a different perspective. Independent zines are able to specialize and focus attention where one has their passion. I doubt anyone starts a 'zine' in order to make money, if they do they aren't around long, because you don't make money. 'Spend a quarter to make a nickel.' Anyway it becomes a passion and a vehicle to play in. It becomes another kind of food. A new kind of water. Also doing *ND* is a passion and one I hope to be doing for a long time, a lifetime if permitted. Something that has become part of my life and part of living and weaving in the world."

**NOT BORED!** #19-21, 1991-92; Editor: Bill Brown; Address: P.O. Box 3421, Wayland Sq., Providence RI 02906. "...It may well be that *Not Bored!* has no place at 'a celebration of zines as networking tools,' because, even though it is a zine, it has never been intended to be a networking tool. Decentralized or not, a network makes connections among people or groups of a like kind, of a kind that is *already* defined and understood. *Not Bored!* is a tool by and with which a certain kind of person or group of people *is* being defined and understood; the networked connections can only be made later, after this process has been completed. *Not Bored!* was first published in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in July 1983 as an outlet for short articles on music that freelance writer and weekly columnist Bill Brown (then 24) couldn't publish in *The Ann Arbor News* because of their political content. *Not Bored!*'s purpose and focus shifted with the second issue (January 1984) as a result of Brown's reading first Greil Marcus' book review of the *Situationist International*

*Anthology* and then the *Anthology* itself. Now up to its 21st issue (July 1992), *Not Bored!* has remained situationist inspired since then, even though it and its editor/founder have moved from Ann Arbor: first to Buffalo, New York, in 1985 (graduate school), and then to Providence, Rhode Island, in 1990 (job)....”

**OUBLIETTE:** 1991; Editor: Karen Platt; Address: P.O. Box 80023, Minneapolis MN 55408. “Zines/underground stuff is the only real way to *spew* your uncensored thoughts on any part of the globe. Everyone can have a voice in the underground. The entire process from conception to distribution to *our* audience, subverts established capitalist rules...or perhaps we steal these rules, and apply them to our small enterprises (i.e., stealing, bartering, begging to get what you wanna get) in order that we may undermine the rule makers. Or not. We are not a movement or a group to join. Zines reaffirm, more than anything, the value of individuality and independent thought. *God bless the Zines! God bless Oubliette!*”

**PAPARI:** #11, 1992; Editor: Alex Zagourglou; Address: Iras 3A, 14565, Ekali, Athens, Greece. “*Papari* (‘bollock’ in English) is one of the oldest zines in Athens, Greece. It appeared for the first time in early 1986 and in its 11 issues so far, it has proved to be exactly what was missing from the Greek scene (i.e., a mixture of politics, music, humour and art at the right amount and given through a personal approach). It was our way to speak to the various things of which we are concerned, without mediators or thought-pimps. Our target was to communicate with many people and to express the necessity to resist to the daily misery of misinformation and ongrowing oblivion, apathy, stupidity, religious or any other fanaticism, media, commercialisation, fashion, lies, and music idols with filled pockets and empty smiles. Doing this zine for 6½ years, we met a lot of people and seen many things happening, and we

must admit that this kind of stupidity and misery can be found everywhere even in the so called underground scene. We are working with nice people, everywhere, who are dedicated to the struggle against all power, and control over our lives. *By all means necessary. No gods no masters.*”

**PLANET ROC:** Vol. IV, #3, 1992; Editor: Simone Bouyer; Address: P.O. Box 476996, Chicago IL 60647. “The *Planet Roc Alternative Arts Journal* began as the newsletter of the *Wholesome Roc Gallery, Museum & Cafe* over three years ago. About a year ago I closed the gallery due to lack of financial support and instead embodied the principles of the gallery in the newsletter. We publish everything anyone sends us in a laid back non-judgmental format. Art, poetry, short stories, whatever people send to us, we try to find a spot, topic or issue for. I feel that the newsletter is more successful than the gallery was, in several ways. While only a few people will see an exhibit at a gallery, over 1,000 people see and comment on the art published in the *Planet Roc*. You don’t have to leave your home to enjoy this alternative art, plus it’s much cheaper to support and maintain than the gallery space was.”

**POETRY MOTEL:** #18, 1992; Editors: Patrick McKinnon & Bud Backen; Address: Suburban Wilderness Press, 1619 Jefferson St., Duluth MN 55812. “*Poetry Motel* was founded in 1984 because there were not more than two decent editors of literary journals in the country. Most didn’t understand poetry. Shams. We hate poetry. And poets. This makes us ruthless in our decisions. No one is included in an issue for any reason. We only print poems, not poets. No grants, no credit cards, no swimming in the pool after midnight, no bullshit.”

**PUNCHLINE:** #12, 1992; Editor: John Yates; Address: P.O. Box 460683, San

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IL MODO DI QUESTA SECONDA È  
EDUCOLA CON I PRIZI SUI PLE  
PER CONTEMPORANEA DEDICATO  
A LE PRINCIPALI SOCIETÀ ALIANTI  
DI LEASING E FINANZIARI. UN RAP  
POPOLARE COMPENSA I FOI M.  
ZUCCHETTI, FANTASIA E ANALISI  
PER LA RAZZA. LA SIKACOS È  
L'UNO DEI QUATTRO EFFET  
L'ALTRA È IL DOTTOR SI  
L'ALTRA È COME RIVALI E  
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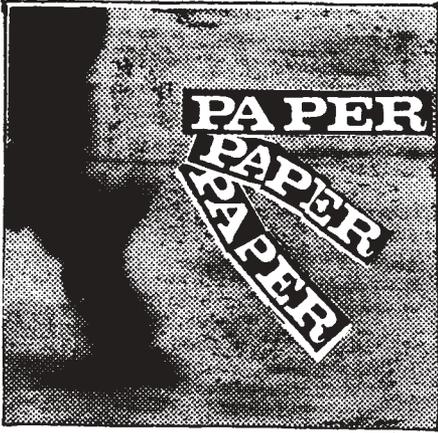
我这才恍然大悟，飞快地跑  
好容易找到一块堵洞口的小  
住洞子。主席亲自动手和我把  
用的东西。这时候，他的办公  
桌，电话机响起来。我  
也有点不耐烦，心想如果我  
也许就不使他忙成这样。  
过了一会，主席站起来对

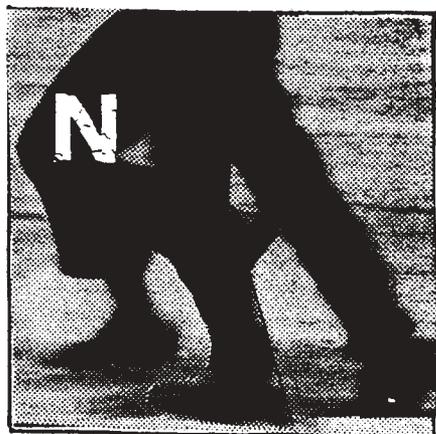
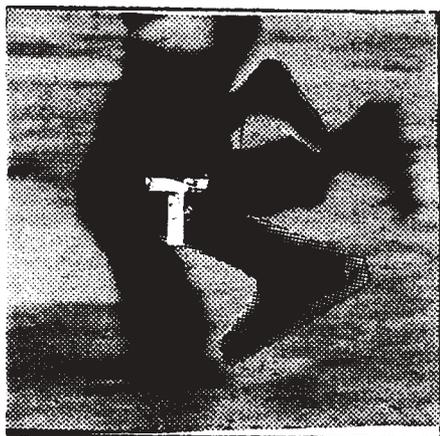
лю практическое применение идей  
начала XIX в. При всей своей пе  
стью основных идей, обличением  
нных порядков в «гражданских  
в лекциях пророков и исто  
ств. Идея пророков конститу  
тическим и неограниченным  
ерами из области политическо  
я финансы, экономики, логиче  
ственным правам, а также  
юхи, наиболее благоприятные для  
которой пользовались Кунцын в  
своих лекциях, проникнута духом  
отпизм, рабство, общественное благо  
ной для оппозиционного движения

الثاني من القرن العشرين  
من مصالحها الوطنية والطبقية، ولقد كانت  
واحدة من الأساليب التي سلطتها  
البرجوازية التقليدية بكافة قطا  
باعتها، والتخلص من الرجعية المحلية.  
نظامها الإمبريالية  
من ابتكارها التي مدافعين عن  
اعتقدت الدوائر التي وقتت وراء تلك المج  
ما هير وقواها المنظمة التي سرعان ما عاد  
الدفاع عن مصالح الطبقات

the ideas of esthetic decision-making and c  
ymade needs to be understood les  
al avant-garde. The dispassionate  
many of Duchamp's oblique, titillating  
If Urinal is to be understood as a  
cultured viewer with his pre-Modern  
temporal viewer may feel  
volvement with this object is an exclusivel  
ommon in public men's relations. In private  
er hand, is led precisely to whatever associa  
-and perhaps farther back, to toilet training  
tion, and to his first memories of urinating  
see Urinal as a homosexual object tendin







Francisco CA 94146. "In the age of D.I.Y. or die there is little choice. Underground and much overlooked, the subculture of zine 'publishing' is where the real art terrorists dwell. There is nowhere more honest or dedicated than this networking underbelly. Anyone can publish with the right stuff™. But to do it against the odds is true liberty. My experience is my experience. Power to the little guys thinking big."

**THE DEVIL WALKS AMONG US:** n.d.g.; Editor: Julee-Peeslee; Address: P.O. Box 4763, Boulder CO 80306. "I have been involved in zines and networking for three years. I don't plan to stop anytime soon. If I didn't mail, I would be dismantling my life-support system. Networking is living. Dialogue and art-sharing

via the mail is the most satisfying and exciting way to make it through the drudgery of day jobs and car insurance. I only wish I could be paid to be a full-time mail artist and networker. I'd be the hardest worker ever. But it has its paybacks. I feel sort of secretive about it, like it's a secret between me and the people I write to, it's something we share that no one can take from us. The challenges never end and the idea that there is a substantial number of people out there as whacked as myself is relieving to say the least. I see the realms of comics, zines, music and mail art converging and evolving as time goes on, more and more people are doing it and it can only grow into a bigger and bigger and more exciting entity...."

—Stephen Perkins



**The Grand Delusion**

*The Tape-beatles*

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function of art in society, urbanism, others), and could make a good introduction to or further clarification of both. My only criticism is of some allegedly nostalgic elements reported in Debord's last film, which is, of course, a criticism of Debord if Levin's analysis is correct. I find the idea incompatible with his other theories.

Other important inclusions in the book are first-time English translations of accounts of two *dérives*, a concept that has always made more sense to me in theory than in practice. It is informative to read Debord's written accounts of actual *dérives*; it certainly cleared the fog a bit on

the concept of the psychogeographic exploration of urban areas.

*Détournement*, an easier concept to understand, is made clearer by physical manifestations described in an article by Peter Wollen entitled *Bitter Victory: The Art and Politics of the Situationist International* and the article on Debord's film. Wollen's article also thoroughly covers the history of situationist art and graphics, and goes into the conflict over the place of art in situationist political theory that eventually split the SI.

—Michael Gendreau

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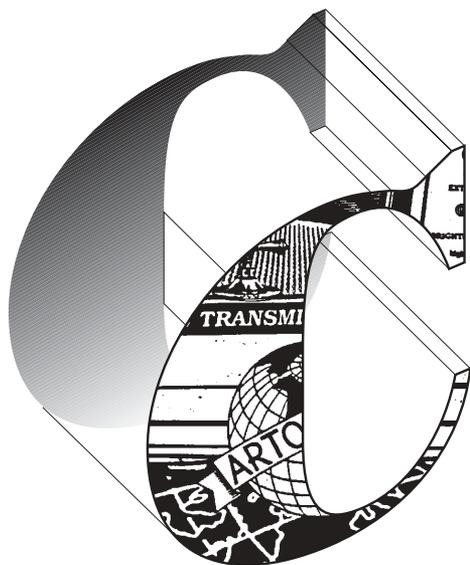
***The World of Zines: A Guide to the Independent Magazine Revolution*** by Mike Gunderloy and Cari Goldberg Janice. New York: Penguin Books, 1992.

"Zines," in case you don't know, are magazines that are too small in circulation or too modest in production value to be seen on the same racks as the "slicks," such as *Time* or *Vanity Fair*. During most of the eighties, *Factsheet Five* was Mike Gunderloy's meta-zine (magazine about magazines) which focused, almost exclusively, on zines. *Factsheet Five* virtually defined the geography of zinedom, serving simultaneously as its gazetteer and its road map. For those of us who produced a zine during this time, we could always rely upon Gunderloy—first of all, to review our most recent issue; and secondly, to send us a free copy of *Factsheet Five* when such a review appeared. *F5* served as a printed meeting place for zines of all stripes whose editorial grist ran the gamut from science fiction, politics, radical art, anarchism, extremism of all kinds; to television and movies, networking and mail art, humor, comics, homemade music, and other subjects too numerous to mention. It was a wonderfully reciprocal, exchange-driven arrangement, and it made all of us very happy.

So what does the new book by Gunderloy and Cari Goldberg Janice, *The World of Zines*, have

to offer that compares with *Factsheet Five*? Very little, as it turns out. *Factsheet Five*'s terse, superficial judgments, which in the magazine format seemed unfortunately necessary but nonetheless useful, in book form only underscore the false but common perception that these publications are, in fact, trivial. What Gunderloy's *Factsheet Five* lacked in depth, it more than made up for in scope. At its best, it was a mine shaft sunk into a rich underground vein of information that seemed vital to any well-rounded comprehension of what constitutes cultural activity in the machine age. A new issue was never more than a few weeks away. It was this excitingly temporary quality that made *Factsheet Five* seem so vibrant and necessary. *The World of Zines*, on the other hand, has the dank breath of authority—the "final word" on the subject—and contains actually less information and is less comprehensive than any given single issue of *Factsheet Five*. However, *F5* is no more, and readers interested in zines will probably want to put up the \$14 Penguin Books is asking for it. As a toe-hold into a hidden world, it is probably worth it; but by all means, don't stop there. You'll see what zinedom is about only if you go straight to the source: those who make the zines and thrive on the cultural exchange it brings into their lives.

—Lloyd Dunn



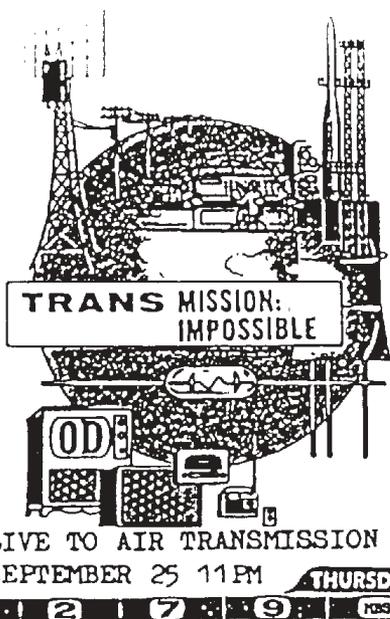
# Audio cassette Reviews

**Vinnie and the Stardusters *The Baroque Wind Session*.** Write: 480 Otis St., Saint Paul MN 55104.

This is a tape of real musicians and real instruments playing famous classical compositions. *The Baroque Wind Session* is a refreshing stab of irony and a nice break from other musicians who claim classical composers as their greatest influences. These guys know that classical composers are *everybody's* greatest influences, and instead of inserting small, esoteric quotes of classical pieces into their own compositions, or composing similar pieces in identical keys like a lot of composers do, Vinnie and the Stardusters play the entire piece. It's practically all instrumental; they don't need to use words to let their sense of humor shine through, it's all in their consciously impossible approach — covering Vivaldi's *Three Seasons* with guitar, bass and a drum set?

**John Jacobs *Transmission Impossible*.** Write: P.O. Box 13, Enmore, New South Wales, Australia.

The first side of this cassette, "One hundred years of Anarchy," is a broadcast celebrating



100 years of Anarchy, supposedly live from Melbourne, Australia. It's slow paced and I found the stories that the speakers tell to not really to be that interesting; I quickly grew bored. The other side, "Transmission Impossible," is very exciting, however. It is a some 35-minute vignette with sounds ranging from lounge style piano, voices cut together in rhythmic patterns so rapidly that they are rendered indecipherable, drum machine tracks with lines of overdriven static, layered in patterns of borderline funk. The greatest asset that "Transmission Impossible" has is that it never locks itself into a groove. When a listener begins to enjoy a segment, pace

and time are changed and another area is explored.

**John Jacobs *Bits for Radio*.** Write: P.O. Box 13, Enmore, New South Wales, Australia.

It is interesting how Jacobs uses the spoken word as primary content in his pieces, which makes his pieces more easily thought provoking, but a little more difficult to listen to. Which is probably Jacobs' reason that these pieces exist. Using other artists' work to critique how and why the media user is able to perceive, he gives examples of a car and a faster car emitting engine noise differing in one musical fifth, and how if it slows down a certain amount, then it is a minor third below, exemplifying the Doppler effect and what all this means to our ear and how we hear the TV set in the corner, even if tuned to a static channel. So he's not pedantically into the way that an observer discerns messages within messages, but rather the extreme technical aspects of how we *hear*. It's all infinitely absorbing, but just like in third grade science class film screenings concerning how tadpoles graduate to the status of a frog, "Hey Mrs. Crabtree, I would've stayed awake if they'd have found a more exciting format from by which I could *learn!*" But, I don't think it is Jacobs' aim to teach the science of sound, he's just a wisecracker, eroticizing the mundane: he knows the power of the boombox.

**Producers for Bob *Bob's Media Ecology*.** Write: DOVentertainment, Inc., 2 Bloor St West, Suite 100, Box 159, Toronto Ont M4W 3E2 Canada.

I had been (mis)informed that Producers for Bob sucked—but I think this is a wonderful, 73-minute *tour de force*, DOVe exposition. The first thing to strike me was the obviousness of the samples. "Stealing" from Madonna, Public Enemy and the Coca Cola Music Factory, in the aftermath of Negitavland *U2*, is not only gutsy, but commendable. I would think that DOVe

might be a bit leery about releasing this material, but they have a smaller market than does SST. I would also hope that they might stand by their artists more so than SST apparently did, if the power monster does strike. The material itself is simple, but that's not to say that it's simple-minded. Producers for Bob don't rely on tape-cutting for effect, but actually disguise cuts in order to blend sounds and make a more smoothly flowing piece. "A lot of these tracks are made from 70s disco leftovers and basic drum machine beats, over which lie snatches of various dialogue, mostly concerning itself with media and what makes up today's blueprint of culture. Media discourse and criticism, which have become somewhat commonplace in the audio art genre, shows itself to be hilarious in some of these tracks. The allusions to the Grammys and "Janet and Michael" contribute effectively to the soulessness of the whitebread "Grammar Rap." And while the story about the TV, "...it'll change the whole neighborhood...I'll lose my interest in hockey, get into drugs..." in "Everything's Disappeared" was enjoyable in the opening track, it did get a little old after three separate re-mixes. But, all in all (literally, the design of the CD package is just as great as the material) Bob's Media Ecology is another quality release from Death of Vinyl Entertainment.

**Infant Mortality Rate *Big Secrets*.** Write: Phil Krieg, 1122½ Bayland St., Houston TX 77009.

I like *Big Secrets* quite a bit. On first listen I thought it was very rich in sound textures but that it lacked an overall form. But it was enticing enough for another listen. Again, textures rose to the top: very light subdued jazz tones layered over cheesy science fiction B-flick noises, second rate sound demonstrations of even lower rate phase shifters, even dialogue from *Barbarella*, hashed in non-discernible distortion excess, like maybe a portable TV tuned to static run thru mega-watt amp stacks, like Big Black with bits and pieces of folk thrown in along the way.

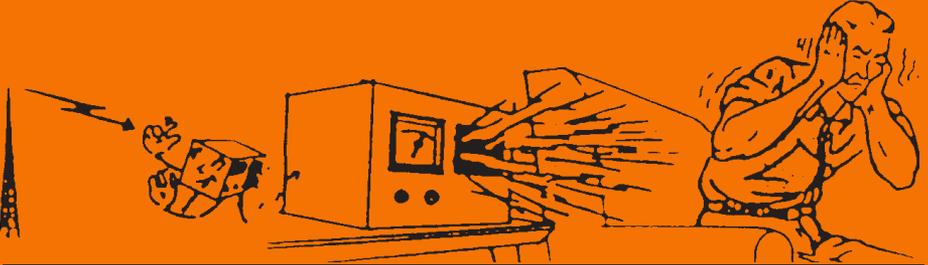
Really the major dilemma that Infant Mortality Rate faces is the redundancy and heavy handedness of their sound bits, such as philosophical posits lifted from *A Clockwork Orange*—some of the pieces just outlasted their content.

**Prose in Cannes** *A bold clam embalming*. Roger Skulback, 1151 36th Ave N, St Cloud MN 56303.

I didn't like the first side at all—but I think the second side is fantastic. This direct contrast doesn't surprise me though, considering the diversity of this material. The supercharged

rhythms of some sections, placed in opposition to others with a brick wall abruptness in a sort of shot/reverse shot manner is what Prose in Cannes excel in. This material would work perfectly for a John Zorn super-8 film soundtrack; stuff that brings to mind John Cage with a transistor radio and a calculator hooked up to a wah-wah pedal, humming a Stooges chord progression. Stronger than most "harmony during opposition" compositions that project dichotomous wholes, *A bold clam embalming* is just portable cool.

—Clint Simonson



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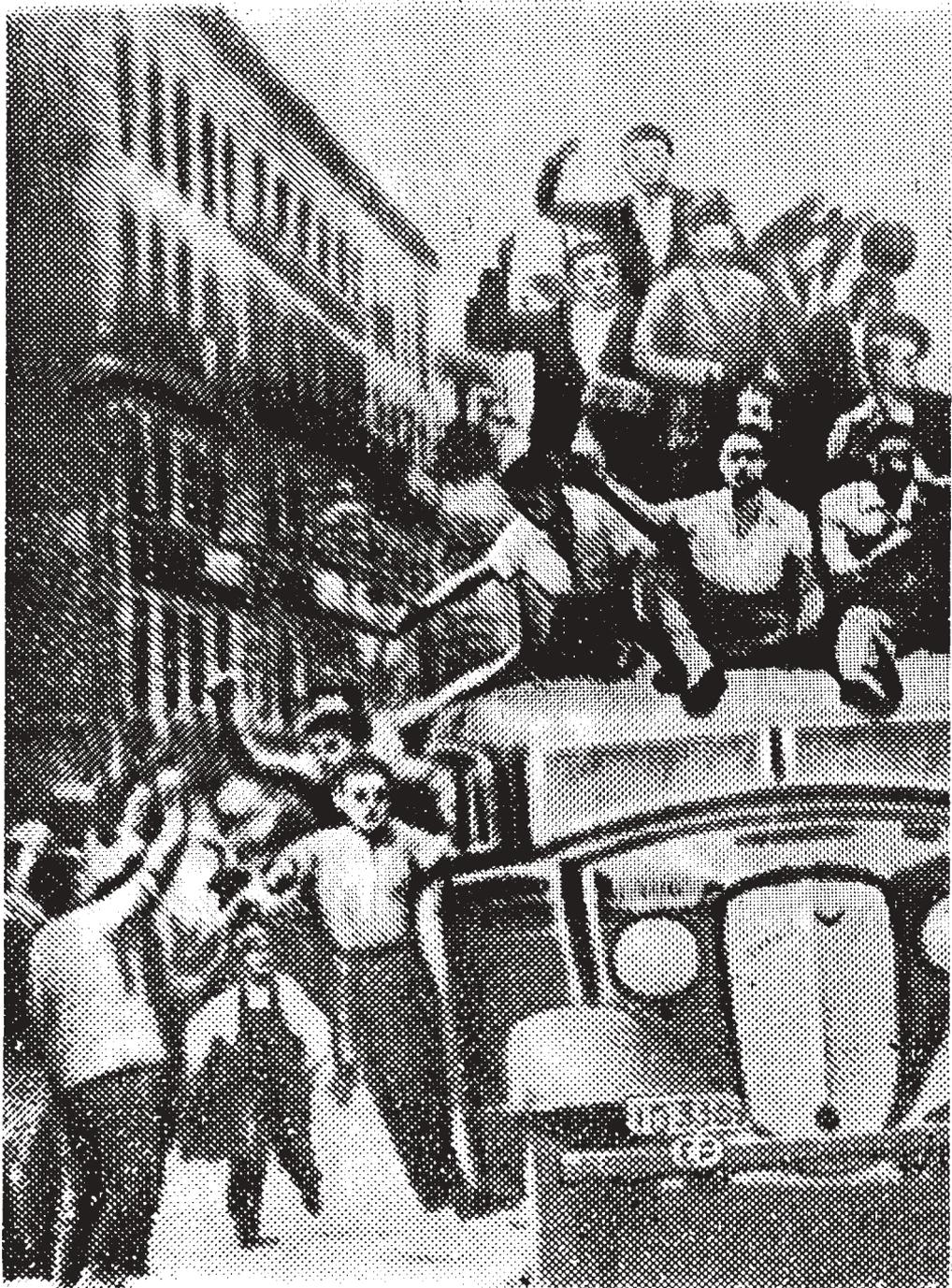
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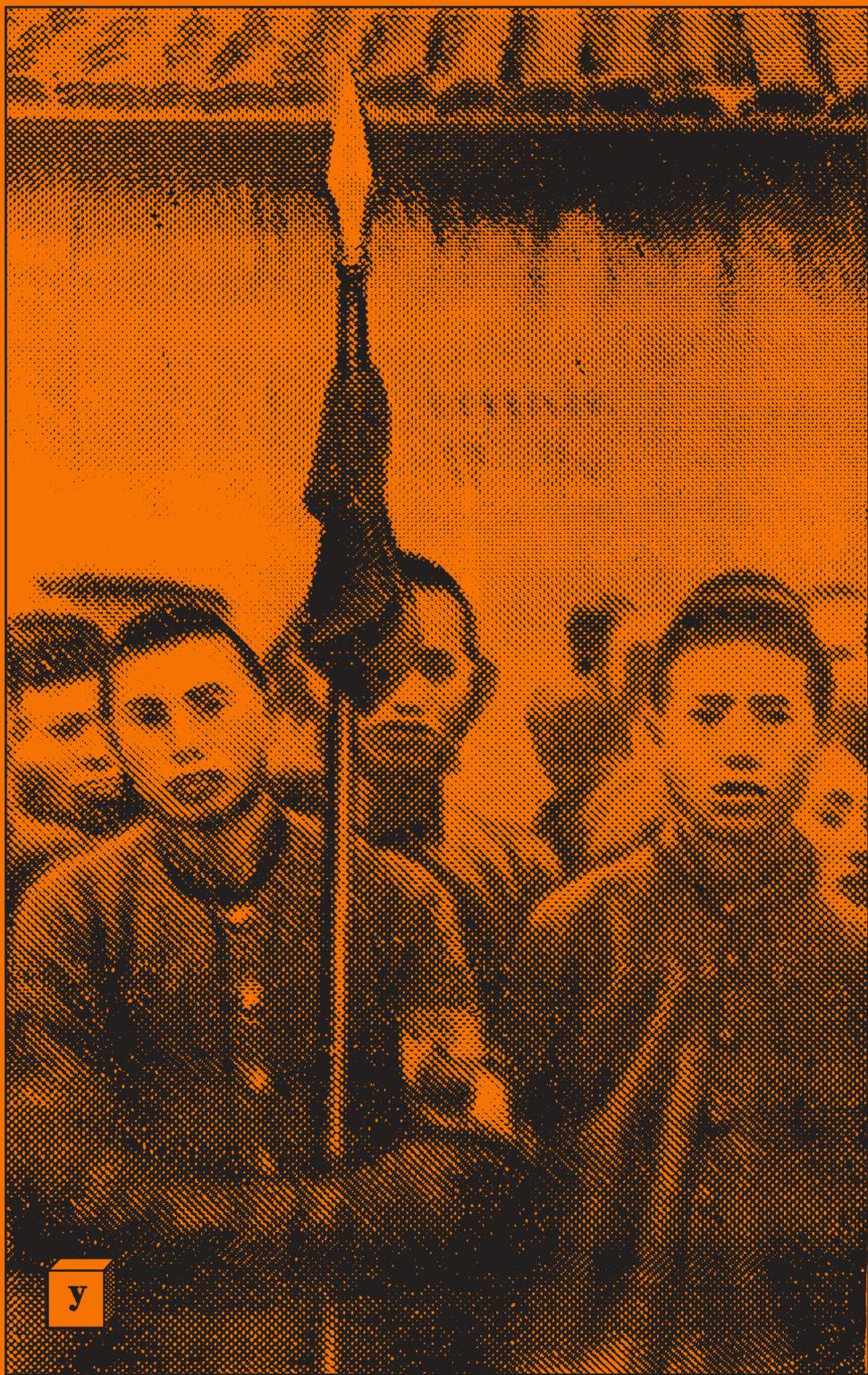
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